The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXI BOSTON, OCTOBER 21, 1871. NO. 25.

For the Myrtle.

Katydid.

THE stars were beginning to show a faint light,
The whippoorwill piped his sad song:
As down through the deep shaded wood-road to-night,
Belated, I hurried along.
And who do you think, little girl, it could be?
The leafage their forms from me hid,
In tones that seemed grating and unkind to me,
Declared, "Katydid! Katydid!"

Little Katie looked up with a questioning face:
"I don't know, mamma, I can't tell,
If you heard it when passing near Mr. Gray's place,
I guess it was Rosa, or Belle.
I've tried to be good and do right all the day,
I've done everything that you bid" —
Ah Katie! 'twas no little girl I heard say
The words, "Katydid! Katydid!"

'Twas a green little insect that seldom is seen;
It scarce can be said that he sings,
He sits on a bough in his raiment of green;
His talking he does with his wings.
If rustling the bushes you pass him too near,
At once of his noise you'll be rid;
But when he is certain there's nothing to fear.
He cries, "Katydid! Katydid!" *H. H. D.*

A Bird Song.

A little bonnie bird I know,
With cheeks more soft than eider down,
A dress she wears of dappled brown,
And sings with sweetest tone, I trow —
Ah, sweeter far this birdie sings
Than all the birds that summer brings;
And yet her song is only this;
"I love you, papa!" — then a kiss.

Not tenderest song of nightingale,
Nor sparkling trills and gurgling gush
Of joy from velvet-throated thrush,
Nor brilliant pipe of mottled quail,
Nor tuneful plaint of whippoorwill,
The measure of her song can fill;
And yet her song is only this;
"I love you, papa!" — then a kiss.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST to discover the steeples of the village, was John.

"Why Alf," said he, "we are really coming upon Milton. The first twenty miles of the journey is accomplished, and I have hardly realized how."

"You are not then much tired with the walk?"

"Scarcely tired at all. I feel as if I could go on twenty miles farther, without stopping."

"You see, now, how easy everything grows, when we put a vigorous will to it. You thought we could not walk to Milton before morning; but here we are, with the whole twenty miles done, and the sun has not yet risen."

"Oh yes, Alf, I am just getting in the spirit of it. We can go twenty miles farther before dinner."

"No, John, that would be unwise, for three reasons. First, we must not overuse our strength at the beginning of the journey. We can walk forty miles Thursday night with more safety, than we have walked this twenty to-night. Then again, we need sleep now, and *must* have it, if we would keep up our health and strength. And last, but not least among our reasons, we must keep ourselves out of sight during the hours of daylight, lest we be pursued and overtaken."

"Why, Alf, you do not really mean that we have got to skulk like culprits all this week, do you?"

"Perhaps not all the week. But it would be unwise of us, while we are so near home, to be seen on the highway. People are frequently coming to Milton from our village, and if we should be reported at home this very day, as it is more than probable we should, if we walked to-day, all our plans would go for naught."

"But supposing some one from home, comes to the hotel where we are stopping for the day, shall we not be in the same trouble then?"

Alf laughed at this question, and said:

"We are not in danger of being caught in that way. We have no money to stop at hotels with."

"What, then, are we to do? We have got to be sheltered somewhere out of sight."

"Yes, certainly we have, but it must be a cheaper shelter than hotel beds."

"Where, then, shall it be.'

"Do you see that haystack yonder?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Under that we can find a friendly cover, and sleep the day away."

"But supposing the farmer that owns it, should come and find us there, what then?"

"He will not be likely to come."

"Perhaps not likely to, and yet we run the risk of his coming."

"Well, for that matter, we run *some* risk, wherever we are, or whatever we do. Life is full of hazards. Our constant endeavor must be to choose what is least dangerous, and when we have done that, we must take the consequences, and be content with the thought that we did our best."

"Very well. I am quite contented to try the stack, for I begin to feel sleepy, and think the day can be got over very comfortably there."

"Shall we not go to the farmhouse, and get our breakfast, before we lie down to sleep?"

"It does not seem to me to be the best plan to go to the house first."

"Why not?"

"Well, in the first place, I am more sleepy than hungry just now, and then, I think we might be watched, if we went first to the house. Perhaps the farmer would not let us sleep under his stack, if he knew that we had gone there."

"Why should he object?"

"He might think that we were wicked men, trying to hide from the officers."

Alf laughed at this idea.

"Do you think we look like wicked *men?*"

"Well, wicked boys then."

"Boys or men, whatever we call ourselves, I don't think we look wicked enough to be suspected as criminals."

"Perhaps not as criminals, and yet the owner of the stack might be afraid of us as mischief makers."

"We couldn't carry off his stack, could we, if we wanted to ever so much."

"Oh no! He would not be afraid of our carrying it off, but he might fear our setting fire to it."

"I don't believe we look much like incendiaries. Yet I am agreed to your plan of taking the sleep first, if you like that best. I believe I am more sleepy than hungry, or if I am not, I shall soon forget the hunger in sleep, and by taking the sleep first, we shall save buying our breakfast altogether, and perhaps our dinner too."

"There, Alf, that is an item worth counting. Let us take to the stack at once."

Without farther parleying, the boys climbed the fence into the field, crept under the side of the stack opposite the road, that they might not be seen by passers by, and composed themselves for sleep.

It seemed as if Alf had hardly stretched himself, before he was sleeping soundly. John knew by the heavy breathing, that his companion was asleep, and could not help envying him in his quickly found rest.

His own eyes seemed in no hurry to close upon his new, capacious bed-room. He turned over and over, and over again, looking at the field with its long, waving grass, and at the far away sky, which it seemed to him was never so far away before.

Then he said to himself, "What a big world it is, and what big spaces around it. It seems as if it would be very easy for a boy like me, to get quite lost in such a big universe, and never be found again. It must be, that it was partly because of this danger, that God put us in families on the earth. He has made little groups of people all over the earth, that will cling together, and not lose one another. I wonder if this was not what He gave every little child a father and mother for? I am not alone in this great world. I have a father and a mother."

Here John turned again on his hard bed, and tried to compose himself to sleep. But the thought would force itself upon his mind, What use of a father and mother, if you have taken

yourself from their care and watchfulness, and persisted in losing yourself away from them ?

"I wonder if mother is awake yet," he said to himself. "I wonder if she knows that I am not in my own bed, and what she will say when she goes to my chamber this morning and finds it empty. Something in my heart tells me that she already knows about the vacant chamber. I think she has not slept to-night, waiting to hear me come in. Oh how wretched she will be. It makes me wretched to think of her."

Here John sat upright with a sudden impulse, as if he would undo the work of the night, annihilate the twenty miles, and spring into his mother's arms again.

"I must go back," he said. I cannot bear to think of her so miserable."

These words were spoken so loud, as to disturb Alf's sleep. Opening his eyes, he said :

"Have you gone crazy, John ? What is this that you are saying about going back ?"

The sound of Alf's voice shook John's resolution. He was ashamed to tell just what he had been thinking, so he turned it off by saying :

"You are the one that has gone crazy, I should think. Why do you frighten a body out of his senses, by coming out of sleep so violently, and putting questions in such a frightful hoarse voice ?"

"Why, did I frighten you ?" said Alf, laughing, "I must have been dreaming, for I thought you were talking about going back home."

"Well, I have not gone, you see, so you can sleep again safely, only do not awake in such a panic another time."

Alf was not long in taking this advice, and John was soon left alone, again, with his thoughts.

Again the thought came, "how lonely it is to be alone in this great world," and John could not repress it. He took from his pocket, a small Bible, which his mother had given him when he was a little boy, and opened it to read ; thinking that he would get some consolation from it.

As he opened the book, the first passage that his eye fell upon, was this in the twenty-seventh Psalm. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

"That is the very passage that I needed," he said to himself, and he shut the book to think about it. Repeating it over, he said : "No ! it is not exactly my case after all. My father and mother have not forsaken me, but I have forsaken them. Will the Lord take me up when I am a self-made outcast ?" The question troubled him. It would keep coming back, and repeating itself in his ears. Yet his weariness at last overcame his restlessness, and sleep drowned all troubled questions for him.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

The Old Man's Will.

OLD Oliver Smith, in his threadbare suit,
Hears the boys of the village laugh and hoot,
"There goes the miser, so poor and old,
Starving and scrimping to heap up gold."
But the old man thinks, with a quiet smile,
"Let those idle scoffers wait awhile,
Till time, which sifts the wheat from chaff,
May show that the poor have cause to laugh."
The old man goes to the promise sure.
"Who feeds the hungry and clothes the poor,
To the very least of them all, shall see
He has done it also unto me."

The years roll by and the will is read,
And blessings descend on the giver's head —
For many a farmer of wealth and skill
Owes his start in life to the old man's will.
It hears the orphaned children's cry,
And the blushing maiden's modest sigh
And it soothes the poor man's dying bed,
For it gives to his starving children bread.
And it claims its share of the perfect bliss
Which crowns the lover's ecstatic kiss ;
For it furnishes gold for the golden band
Which binds them together in heart and hand.
"God help the widow ! so poor and old,"
And He does, for the miser's hoarded gold,
For his perfect love to the old man gave
Both the wish to give, and the power to save.

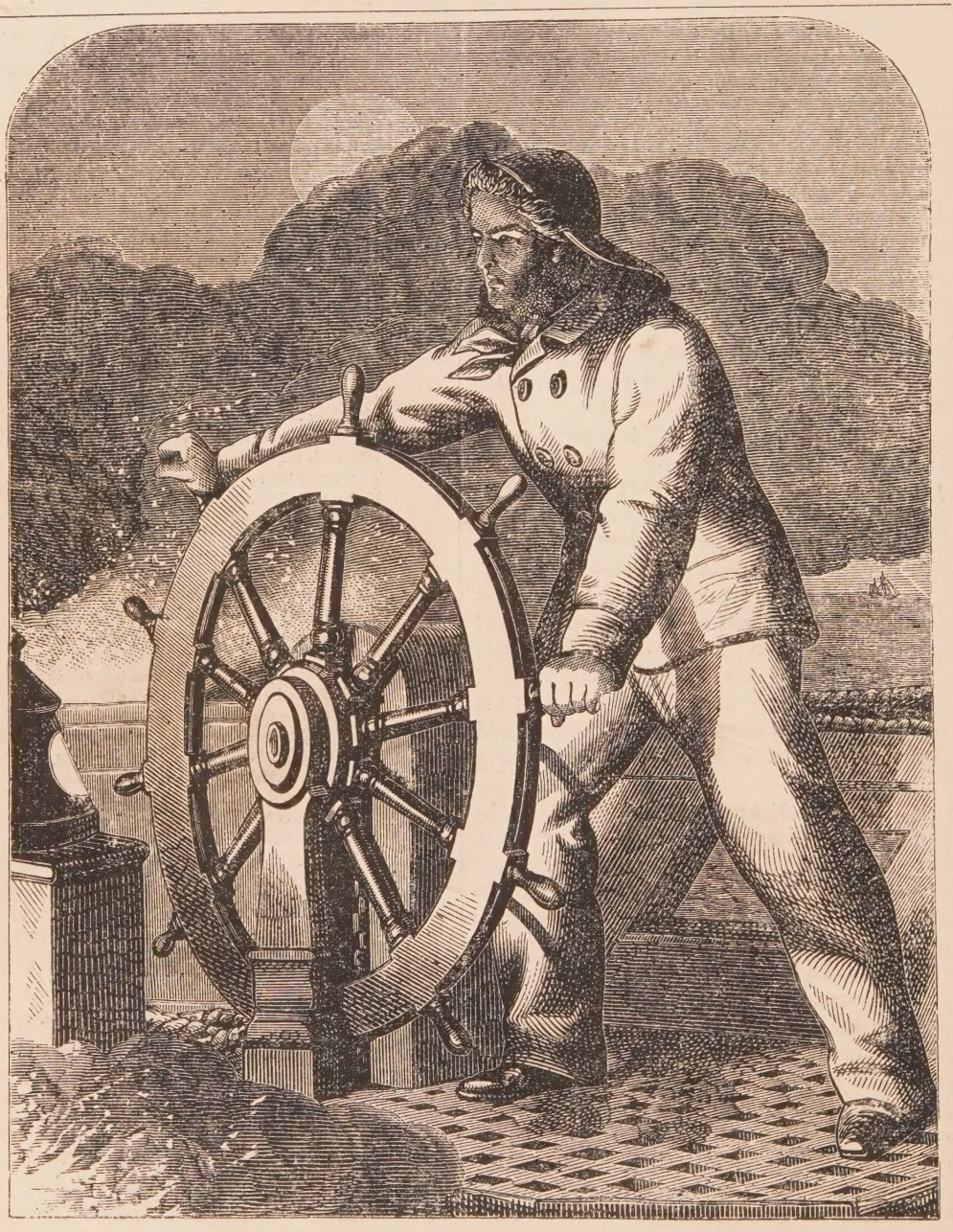
Ye sordid slaves of the shining pelf,
Who love the gold for its own poor self,
If how to leave it you'd like to know,
Yet take it with you when you go,
To the bank which seven-fold interest pays,
Where no thieves can steal and no rust decays,
So that riches take wings and upward fly,
And the camel springs through the needle's eye,
Go clothe the poor, and the hungry fill,
And follow the text of the old man's will.

G. B. Bartlett.

THERE is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears which give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

THE wound of conscience is no scar ; time cools it not with his wing, but merely keeps it open with his scythe.

FRIENDSHIP is stronger than kindred.



For the Myrtle.

Trust.

A storm came up and hid the sky;
The raging winds in fury rose:
The vessel reeled, the waves broke high,
And every heart with terror froze:
But one alone no fear could feel,—
The child whose father kept the wheel.

So, O my heart, when life is dark,
And waves of trouble beat and roar,
When storms of fate make thee their mark,
Till every joy and hope seem o'er,—
Then fear not thou, but only feel
It is thy Father keeps the wheel.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Picnic.

A TRUE STORY.

MYRTIE ALLERTON was not a handsome child; some called her very plain-looking. She had great, grey eyes, and a sallow complexion; but the brown, silken, curling hair, no one could look upon without calling it beautiful.

Those that knew her loved her, because she always tried so hard to do right. She was polite, and had a pleasant smile for every one; was obedient to her parents, and never unkind to her little sister, baby brother, or schoolmates.

Now Myrtie was not perfect like some children that I have read of. Sometimes she was naughty, though I am happy to say it was very seldom. But whenever she did what was not right, she was always sorry afterwards.

One time, I remember it well, for I was then visiting Myrtie's mother, her father being at that time away, the Sabbath School had a picnic in the woods, a short distance from the schoolhouse where Myrtie attended school, about a week before the time that I am going to tell you about. One day the school teacher told her scholars that school would not keep that afternoon, as she was obliged to go away.

At noon, Flora Willis and Irene Haden proposed that they should all go to the woods, that afternoon, and have a picnic, after going home and getting some "goodies" to carry there.

"The table is still there," said Flora.

"And the swing is not yet taken down," added Irene, "and we can have a nice time, and you, Myrtie Allerton, must go, because you can carry so many nice things."

"Oh! I should like too, so much," said Myrtie; "but mamma's cousin, Bessie More, is at our home now, and as she cannot remain but a few days, she would feel sorry to have me stay away from her unless necessary; and my little sister Nellie is ill, and the baby has a cold, and worries a great deal, and I ought to be at home when not in school."

"But we will not stay there any longer than till four o'clock, and school is never dismissed till then," said Flora.

"And you will not be away from home any longer than if at school, so do go with us," urged Irene.

"I do not believe mamma will think it best, I am very sure she will not."

"Do not say a word, and when you come away from home, she will think you are going to school, as usual," said Flora.

"But that would be doing very wrong, and I have often heard mamma say that no one takes comfort, when doing what he knows is wrong."

"I shall not ask my mother if I may go, because I know she will say no; but I should be perfectly miserable if I remained at home, and kept thinking what a nice time the rest of the girls were having," said Eda Brown.

"But shall you really go?" inquired Myrtie.

"Certainly I shall," replied Eda, "and I think you are very foolish if you do not."

"And so do I," said Irene; "and I," "and I," repeated a chorus of voices.

"But do you not think it will be doing very wrong?" asked Myrtie.

"No, you silly girl," said Flora and Eda.

"We cannot possibly get along without you," said Irene.

"Perhaps I will go," replied Myrtie.

"Leave off the perhaps, and we will be satisfied."

"I will go," said Myrtie, regretting her promise as soon as it was made, but she knew they would not allow her to take it back if she would.

"That is better," said Flora.

"Yes indeed," added several.

"Shall we invite the boys?" inquired one.

"We must ask Clare Alton, and Nelson Bennet, they were so good to fix up our playhouse," replied Amelia Haven.

"But if we invite them, we must the rest, or they will be dreadfully provoked, and if you do not ask my brother Mark, he will go home and tell mother there is no school, and then — and then" —

"Then what?"

"She will ask me where I have been, and I shall be obliged to tell her, and get punished," replied Eda.

"Well, we will ask them all," said Flora.

Myrtie returned home and ate her dinner; then, concealing some of her mother's cake, &c., in her pocket, she started for the woods, where she arrived after the lapse of ten minutes, but they were all there before her.

"Myrtie has come," said one; and "Myrtie has come," echoed several.

"I took all of this green corn when mother was not looking," said Janie Sargent.

"How nice that will be," said Irene, "I have not tasted any this year."

"Nor I," "nor I," cried nearly all the children.

After they had played and swung, and several had quarrelled and met with various accidents, supper was announced by Flora and Irene, and they all repaired to the table. But as there were no older persons to keep the children in order, some of them behaved very bad. Jimmy Higgins, and Horace Osgood even went so far as to jump up and down on the table, scattering the food in every direction.

"Please don't do so," said Myrtie.

"Behave! do behave!" said Janie.

"Stop! stop I say!" cried Fannie Thomas.

"O! do stop, please stop acting so."

"Behave yourselves."

"Oh dear! my cake and raisins are all on the ground, and in the dirt."

"And my corn."

"And my" —

"Oh dear! that board flew up and hit me in the face."

"And it hit my arm, and" —

"Oh dear, dear! I wish I had not come here," were the cries from first one child and then another.

Myrtie said nothing, but donning her hat, with a grieved look on her face, she started for home.

"Why Myrtie!" exclaimed Mrs. Allerton as soon as she looked into Myrtie's face, "What is the matter? Are you sick?"

Myrtie made no reply, but going directly to her mother, and resting her head on her shoulder, she cried bitterly.

"What can it be that troubles my little girl," said Mrs. Allerton putting an arm around her, "tell mamma."

"Oh mamma! I am so naughty," she sobbed, then related to her the whole affair of the picnic.

"Oh mamma! can you, will you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Allerton looked very sober, and talked with her little daughter a long time, though she assured her that she was forgiven. And I think Myrtie learned a lesson, never to do aught again, without her mother's consent.

Sara Frances Page.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed:
Yet sings aloud, and does not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Uncle Frank's Letter.

Several good things for the MYRTLE, went mysteriously astray in June last, and have just found themselves to-day. Among them is this charming letter from "Uncle Frank," which has kept remarkably well, for we are sure the children will find it as fresh as ever: although it came, in that hot weather, all the way from Macon Co, Missouri.

We cannot quite share "Uncle Frank's" prejudice against fairy stories. All the children we know understand perfectly well that a fairy story is not true, but is only a pretty fable to illustrate some good lesson, and we do not know that the talking of little Spud, the house fairy, is any more "made up" than the talking of birds and bees that we have so often, and to which nobody objects.

Whenever a fairy story teaches some beautiful virtue we cannot think it contrary to the spirit of Him who taught in parables. However, we are grateful to "Uncle Frank," for giving us *frankly* his opinion.

Here is his letter:

My dear Myrtle: — My little nephew and niece, to whom I am having you sent, are living back in the country, away from any town or village, so that they have not the advantages of many children, yet, for country children they have pretty good advantages. They have a very good mother, who does everything she can for them, and their papa being a good singer, teaches them to sing; and they get the MYRTLE and *Guiding Star*, which furnish them reading matter sufficient. Their "Uncle Frank" looks after their reading matter, and brings them books almost every time he comes home. They have a Sunday School right close to their home, in the schoolhouse. Their papa is superintendent. He is orthodox, (although not very sectarian) and all who attend are orthodox except "Uncle Frank."

It is rather wonderful that out of all our ancestors, and a family of ten children by my parents, I am the only Universalist, but so it is. To show that brother is not so prejudiced as many, he urges me, very hard, when I am here, to preach in his place, as he has to work his farm, and preach too. We all like the MYRTLE very much except one thing, and I must be allowed to *protest* in behalf of these little ones to whom it is sent. You and your readers may think that I am whimsical, or notional, or something of the kind; but after all, and notwithstanding several Sunday Schools are reading the MYRTLE by my recommendation and labor, as may also be said of your excellent friend the *Gxiding Star*, I do *most earnestly* and *emphatically protest* against those *fairy talcs*. I would like much better to see you come with a free, open countenance beaming with truth, than to have even a glisten of falsehood under whatever garb it may come, and especially in the form of *fairy tales*. Really I have been surprised that so candid a personage as yourself, would countenance such things outside of jokes and puns. I find no fault, neither do I hear any fonnd with anything else you offer us.

We are happy to see your bright face coming every time, and Eddie, who has been trying with "Uncle Frank's" help to work out the enigmas, &c., goes very gladly to the office, two and a half miles away, after it and other mail. This, no doubt, will be too long a communication to publish, but any part of it you can send out, that you see fit. I will make it a point to send you items occasionally.

Very Truly Yours,
"*Uncle Frank.*"

———At the recent United States Convention of Universalists, the whole number of children in their Sabbath Schools was reported to be 28,484.

The Missionary Boxes.

Another number of the little monthly paper called "The Missionary Box," has been issued by the United States Convention of Universalists. The accounts it gives of the returns of monies from the boxes is quite encouraging. The "banner box" is held by a lady of Philadelphia. It has been opened five times, and as these figures show, with steadily increasing strength:

First, $8.50; second, $10.16; third, $30.90; fourth, $38.37; fifth, $46.98; total, $134.91. All honor to the banner box.

The largest amounts, however, are not of more consequence than some of the smaller ones. Here is an instance of a little boy of Liberty, Pa., who could put but ten cents into the box during the last half-year. But he says he is very proud of it, and thinks he can do better the next time. This is the right spirit. If every one of the 15,496 boxes issued before his, would do as well, it would amount to $1549.60, a sum not by any means to be despised. Little rills make large rivers.

Superintendents.

A writer in the *Independent*, speaking of country and city superintendents, says, that the distance often between them is, that the one does not often prepare himself for his work, and the other does. He says:

"The best city superintendents go to their schools with their minds fully made up as to just what they are to read, what they are to pray for, and what they are to sing. They have studied the lesson for the day, and have read aloud the selected hymns. When they take their place at the head of the school, they commence promptly, and go right on with the several exercises in order, with never a doubt as to what is to come next or as to how it is to be done. Thus much the plainest country superintendent can do; and in doing it he will be in advance of most of his fellows."

———Miss E. J. Whately — a daughter of Archbishop Whately — has been giving, for a year past, in *The Church Sunday School Magazine*, of England, a series of instructive sketches of "Sunday Schools all over the World." In a recent paper she tells of the Sunday School work in Spain. At Seville upward of 500 children and young people are attending the mission schools established at three different points by Mr. Tugwell (a good name for a persevering worker), the British chaplain in that ciry. These schools are conducted much as are English and American Sunday Schools, with even the same attractive hymns. "Our old favorites — 'Just as I am,' 'I'm a Pilgrim,' 'Rock of Ages,' and others, are all adapted into Spanish, and sung with much heartiness and evident pleasure." Other Sunday Schools are carried on in Madrid and at Barcelona. In some of these, it ts said, the "teaching is truly excellent, and the answers of the pupils most satisfactory.

———The following list of a scholar's duties in the Sunday School, we find in another paper:

1. Prepare the lesson.
2. Be punctual in attendance.
3. Be orderly and devout in behavior.
4. Attend diligently.
5. Give for benevolent objects regularly.
6. Pray for God's blessing on your teacher.
7. Apply the truth faithfully to yourself.
8. Be doers of the Word, and not hearers only.

———Sir Oswald Mosely, of England, recently deceased, was a Sunday School teacher of rare faithfulness for upward of fifty years.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LVIII.

THE HEALING OF THE LUNATIC CHILD.

"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xvii. 14–21. Mark ix. 14–29. Luke ix. 37–45.

Question. — When Jesus came down from the mountain to his disciples, after his transfiguration, what did he witness?

Answer. — Mark ix. 14.

NOTE. It seems that the disciples, in the absence of their master, had been unable to cure a lunatic child, and that the Scribes had taken advantage of this failure to place the disciples at disadvantage before the people. They asked the disciples questions which perplexed; and great numbers of people were attracted to listen to them.

Q. — What did Jesus ask these scribes?

A. — Mark iv. 16.

Q. — What did one of the multitude quickly reply?

A. — Mark ix. 17.

NOTE. It would seem that he intended to find Jesus, but happened to come when he was absent upon the mountain.

Q. — What did the father do when he found Jesus absent?

A. — Mark ix. 18.

Q. — Had the father any other sons?

A. — Luke ix. 38.

Q. — In what attitude did he appeal to Jesus for help?

A. — Matt. xvii. 14.

Q. — Did he tell Jesus the trials and sufferings of his child?

A. — Matt. ix. 17, 18.

Q. — Were these fits of long duration?

A. — Matt. ix. 21.

Q. — How long had he been subject to these fits?

A. — Mark ix. 21.

NOTE. We conclude that the Scribes had spoken against Jesus because his disciples could not work a miracle to cure the child, saying, no doubt, that he was as unable to cure diseases as his disciples.

Q. — What did Jesus order the father to do?

A. — Mark ix. 19.

NOTE. The disease of the child seems to have been epilepsy, a disease in which the sufferer falls suddenly to the ground, loses sensation, and suffers muscular agitation.

Q. — Did he fall into a fit while he was being brought to Jesus?

A. — Mark ix. 21.

Q. — What did the father now say to Jesus?

A. — Mark ix. 22.

Q. — As the father had seemed to doubt the ability of Jesus by using the word "if," when he spoke of his power to aid him, what did Jesus say to him?

A. — Mark ix. 23.

Q. — What did the father immediately reply?

A. — Mark ix. 24.

Q. — In what words did Jesus command the disease to depart and trouble the child no more?

A. — Mark ix. 25.

Q. — How was the sufferer affected?

A. — Mark ix. 26.

Q. — What did Jesus do?

A. — Mark ix. 27.

Q. — When Jesus was alone with his disciples, what did they inquire of him?

A. — Mark ix. 28.

Q. — By what helps did he assure them such miracles could be wrought?

A. — Mark ix. 29.

Answers.

OCT. 14. Steam.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.